

stood in need of anything. To the last question she replied;—

"I should have wanted almost everything to make me comfortable, had not Mr. Mayfield, one of the gentlemen I washed for before I hurt my wrist, remembered me at Christmas. He sent me this little stove and a load of coal, a half barrel of flour, meal, potatoes, tea, sugar, and I can't now tell you what all, besides a chicken for our Christmasdinner, and five dollars in money. I'm sure he couldn't have spent less than twenty dollars. Heaven knows I shall never forget him! He came on Christmas eve, and enquired so kindly how I was getting along, and then told me he would send me a little present instead of those who didn't really need anything, and who might well forgive him for omitting the usual compliments of the season. Soon after he was gone, a man brought us a cart load of things, and on Christmas day the stove and the coal came.

Jane looked to Lizzy, upon whose face was a warm glow, and in whose eyes was a bright light.

"Then you do not need anything?" said Lizzy.

"No, I thank you kindly, not now.—I am very comfortable. Long before my coal, flour, meal and potatoes are out, I hope to be able to take in washing again, and then I shall not need any assistance."

"Forgive me sister, for my light words about Edward," Jane said, the moment she and Lizzy left the widow's house. "He is generous and noblehearted. I would rather he had done this than made me a present of the most costly remembrance he could find, for it stamps his character. Lizzy you may well be proud of him."

Lizzy did not trust herself to reply, for she could think of no words adequate to the expression of her feelings.

When Jane told her father about the

widow—Lizzy was modestly silent on the subject, Mr. Green said—

"That was nobly done? There is the ring of the genuine coin! I am proud of him!"

Tears came into Lizzy's eyes as she heard her father speak so warmly and approvingly of her lover.

"Next year," added Mr. Green, "we must take a lesson of Edward and improve our system of holiday presents.—How many hundreds and thousands of dollars are wasted in useless souvenirs and petty trifles, that might do a lasting good if the stream of kind feelings were turned into a better channel!"

**ADVANCE IN CIVILIZATION,
AND COMPARATIVE INADEQUATE ELEVATION OF
NATIONAL TASTES AND PURSUITS.**

WE are perpetually speaking of the march of intellect, the vast spread of intelligence, the advancing civilization of the world; and in some respects our boasts are well founded.—Certainly, in one particular, society has taken a mighty step in advance. The abolition of domestic slavery has emancipated the millions who formerly toiled in bondage; the art of printing has multiplied an hundred fold the reading and thinking world. Our opportunities thereof have been prodigiously enlarged; our means of elevation are tenfold what they were in ancient times. But has our elevation itself kept pace with these enlarged means? Has the increased direction of the popular mind to lofty and spiritual objects the more complete subjugation of sense, the enlarged perception of the useful and the beautiful, been in proportion to the extended facilities given to the great body of the people?—Alas! the fact is just the reverse. Balbec was a mere station in the desert, without territory, harbor, subjects—maintained solely by the commerce of the East with Europe, which flowed